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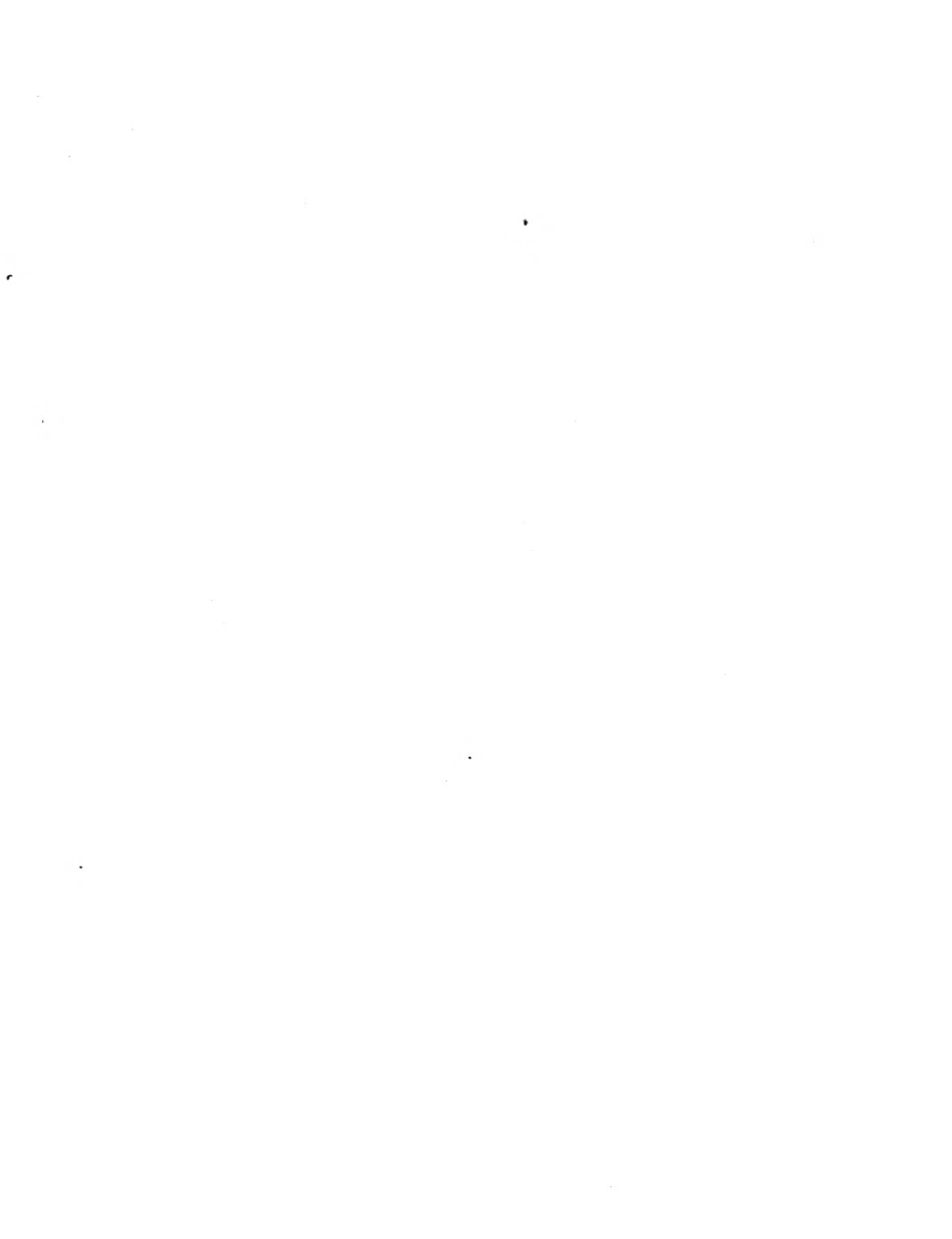
Destruction ❁
OF THE
❁ **Battleship** ❁
❁ **Maine.**

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FLORENCE ADA MORRIS.

DESTRUCTION

... OF THE ...

❧ BATTLESHIP MAINE. ❧



An Original Poem

... BY ...

FLORENCE ADA MORRIS.

PRICE, - - \$1.00.

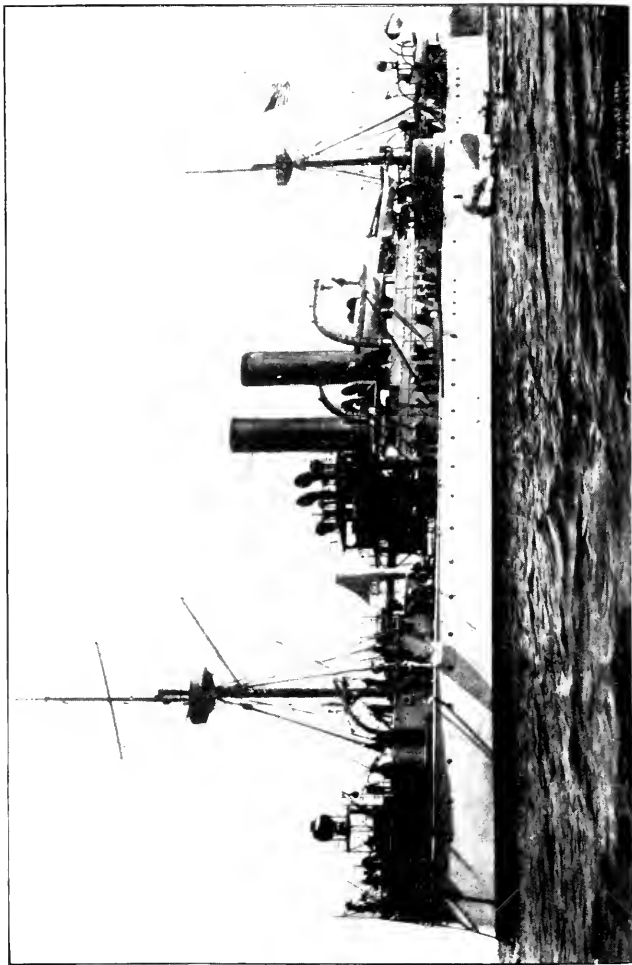
EPPING, N. H.

1898.

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THE BATTLESHIP MAINE.



THE Maine, that grand and noble
ship,

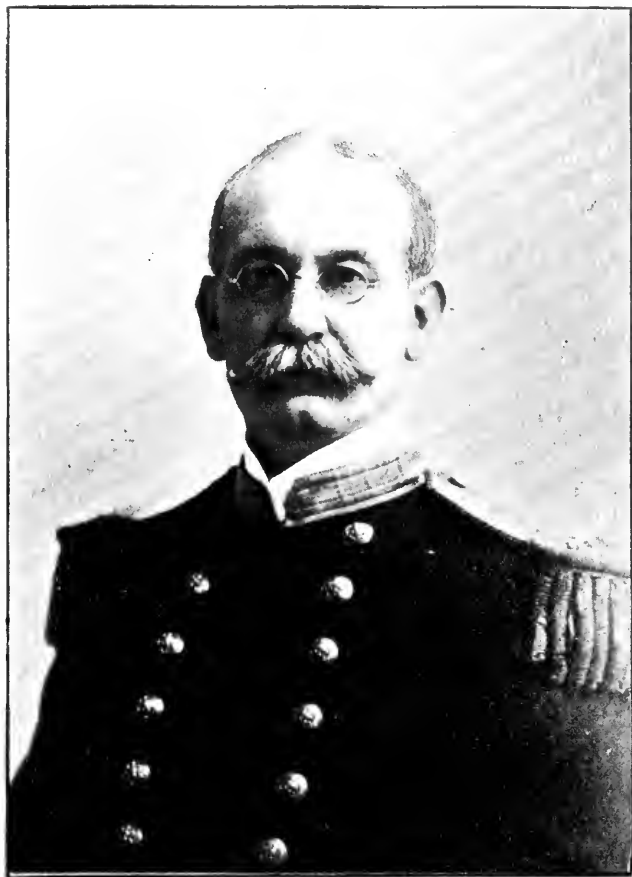
That always was so well equipped
And also looked so grand and large,
Was built at Brooklyn's navy yard.

In dollars, two million, five thousand
were given

For building this ship, that so basely was
riven.

And after completion, with pride she was
hailed

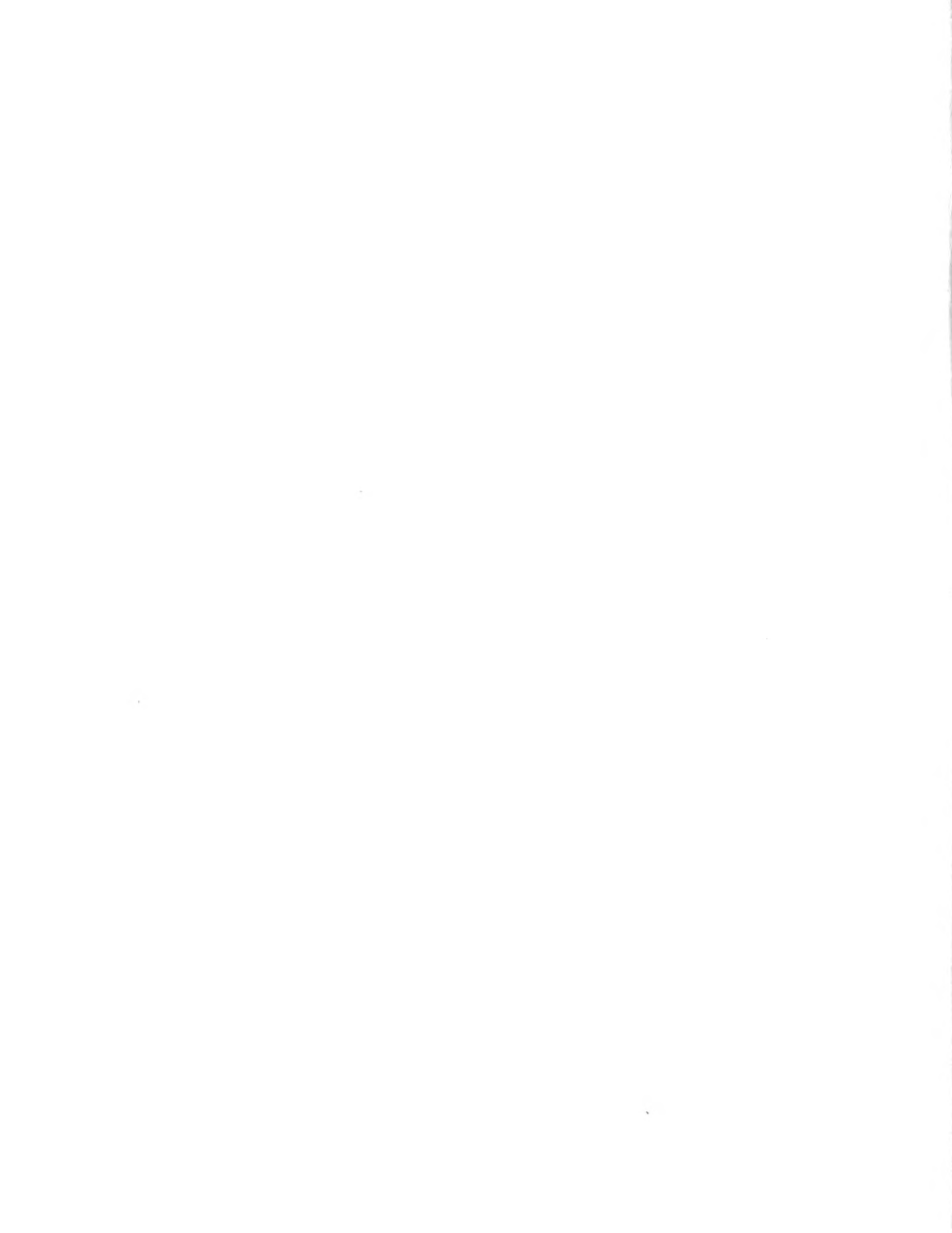
As o'er the blue waters so nobly she
sailed.



CAPTAIN CHARLES D. SIGSBEE.

The captain of this handsome ship
That sailed so nobly and so swift,
Was Sigsbee, a hero brave and true,
Who was much beloved by all his crew.

And many men both brave and true,
The work on this ship were wont to do,
Among them, Carlton Jenks was often
seen,
Who, strange to relate, had this singular
dream.



One night while he in slumber slept,
In a bed o'er the waves where the moon-
beams crept,
He dreamed about the warship Maine,
A dream whose reality truly came.

He dreamed that soon our handsome
Maine,
That has won all hearts because of her
fame,
Would surely e'er long be destroyed
By a deed, where hostile foes would be
employed.

And later when the men for prayer did
meet,

This dream to them, he did repeat,

And when he told them all, he said,

“Let’s all be on our guard, our duty
we’ll not dread.”

We all have heard of the treacherous
way

The poor Cubans are treated from day
to day,

How they die of starvation, and have
scant raiment and fuel,

All of which is caused by those Spaniards
so cruel.

What hardships and sorrows these sufferers endure,

Being shut in from sunshine, and all that is pure.

How many poor women and children have died,

Who from hunger and sorrow no longer will cry?

'Twas thought by many good men of our states,

That to help the poor sufferers, we should not hesitate.

They tried to persuade the Spaniards so base,

To let the poor Cubans some happiness taste.

And as the Spaniards continued this
strife,

'Twas thought that e'er long, the Stars
and the Stripes

Might protect the poor Cubans in a
friendly manner

If she waved each day in their harbor,
Havana.

So soon they decided a ship there to
send,

To protect our brave and loyal men,

And also to hold friendly relations with
Spain,

And the ship that they sent was our
battleship Maine.



So into the Harbor of Havana,
Our warship sailed in a noble manner
On the 24th of January, '98,
And while there, alas, she met her fate.

How grand and massive she did look,
As many, glimpses at her took.
How stately she did sail along
When greeted by the Spanish throng.

And as she slowly sailed along,
Of the sailors on that ship so strong,
Captain Sigsbee then indeed could boast,
For each was stationed at his post.

When in the harbor a few weeks she
 had spent
Doing her duty, for which she was sent,
A dastardly, horrible deed did transpire,
That filled all our hearts with anger and
 fire.

'Twas on a peaceful, quiet and starlight
night,
When the moon shone forth her radi-
ance bright,
The voice of the sentry was heard to tell
The captain and crew that "All was
well."

And as the sailors in the crew,
Of the coming danger never knew,
They went ere long for their night's
repose,
But, alas ! not many of them arose.

About nine forty-five o'clock that night,
At his desk sat the captain, a letter to
write.

What did then happen that turned his
face pale?

Was it a storm that was brewing, or a
terrible gale?

Ah no! while he in silence sat,
A terrific rumble, a roar, and a crash,
Fell on his ears like a terrible blast,
And shook the whole ship, both the
rigging and mast.



ORDERLY "BILL" ANTHONY.

How frightful the darkness that followed
the crash.

The silence that followed seemed forever
to last.

How fearful the sound of the resounding
crash

As it echoed for miles like a shuddering
blast.

And after this sudden and terrible crash,
He opened his door as quick as a flash,
And met on the threshold his brave
orderly,

Who I must tell you was "Bill Anthony."

Then calmly and bravely to the captain
he said,
Who in sorrow was wondering how many
were dead,
“Sir, I have to inform you our ship's
been blown up,
And now I'm afraid she is sinking.”

What words, so startling, so dreadful, so
true,
What sorrow they brought, not every
man knew.
How tragic the scene that then met
their eyes,
As they gazed at the ruins with many
a sigh.

Then up on the deck did the captain
soon go,
And oh! what a scene of destruction
and woe,
For scattered in the waters blue,
Were the bodies of his sailors true.

Faint cries from the drowning then
greeted his ear,
But the captain was steady and calm
through his fear;
He ordered the life boats to be quickly
let down
To save some poor sailor e'er he should
drown.

Two hundred and fifty-five men there did
lay,
Under the water in that bay.
Out of three hundred and fifty-six sailors
so brave,
Ninety was the number that night that
was saved.

What sorrow and trouble this disaster
has brought,
And how many hearts have sadly been
wrought ;
Especially those of kind sisters and
mothers
Who have lost brave sons or kind,
noble brothers.

For to know whence this tragic disaster
came

Many men very soon examined the
Maine,

And the thought came up in most every-
one's mind,

That our ship was destroyed by a sub-
marine mine.

Then our brave men consulted each
other,

And it did not take long for them to
discover,

That because of that jealous feeling in
Spain,

The Spaniards blew up our battleship
Maine.

No one now can blame our States,
Because this injustice they would not take,
Ah no! they're standing bravely for the
right ;
As now with the Spaniards so nobly
they fight.

What honor to our soldiers now is due,
Who fought so manfully and true?
How brave and daring they did stand,
Waiting to fight the hostile band.



COMMODORE GEORGE DEWEY.

Of the many men who've won their
fame

A true and noble man I'll name.

Manila's hero, brave Commodore Dewey,
Who has won his fame most nobly and
truly.

Much honor now to him is shown,
Who fought so brave, but not alone.
For near him stood that crew so loyal,
Who to fight for the right, thought nothing more royal.

On history's page we soon shall read
About this base and wicked deed,
And also of this dreadful war
That has filled all hearts with grief and
awe.

Then hail to our soldiers and sailors so
brave,
Who are striving each day their country
to save,
And hail, thrice hail, to our emblem so
true,
Our own dear flag, the Red, White and
Blue.



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